

THE
Tragical Death
O F
SOPHONISBA.

Written by DAVID MURRAY.

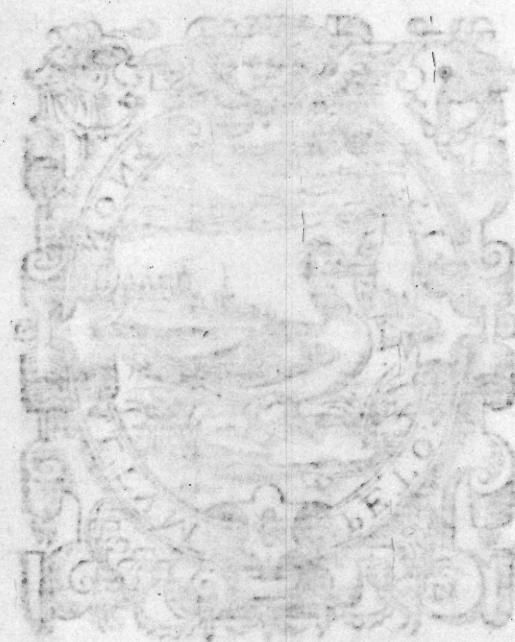
SCOTO-BRITTAINE.



A T. LONDON

Printed for John Smethwick, and are to be sold at his Shop
in Saint Dunstans Church-yard in Fleetstreet,
under the Diall. 1611.

ЭТИ
дни
Мария



A
Y
B
B
W
V
(S
M
In

E
A
W
S
A

To the high and mighty Prince,
HENRY Prince of Wales, Duke
of Cornwall and Rothsay, Knight
of the most noble order of the
Garter.

THrice Noble Prince, by birth, by blood, by fame,
Renown'd by all, whom all men do adore,
Not so much lou'd for greatnessse of your name,

As for those vertues does your name decore :

Young *Heros*, whose heroick actions sore
Beyond the limits of your yet-spent yeares,
Braue stately minde, wherein this time doth glore,
Whose praises praysing parts, the world admires ;
Vnder the shadow of your Eagles wings,
(Since no where else she can for safety flic)
My humble Muse, most royall impe of Kings,
In tragick verse, presents your Princely eye,
With a true story of a Queenes sad case,
Who gaue her life to flee a soule disgrace.

Another to the Prince.

Even as the Eagle through the empty skie,
Conuoies her young ones on her soaring wings,
Aboue the azur'd vaults, till shee them brings,
Where they on *Phæbus* glorious beames may pry :
So (mighty Prince) my Muse now soares on high,
Aboue the vulgar reach, to higher spheates,

With this scarce ripened Eaglet-birth of hers,
Unto the view of your Maiestick eye,
But if it hap, as hap, I feare, it shall,
Shee may not bide your censures dazeling touch,
The higher flight, the more renowned fall,
It shall suffice, that her attempt was such,
But if in ought shee please your Princely view,
Then shee attaines the marke, at which shee flew.

Your Highnesse most loyall
and affectionate seruant,

DA: MURRAY.

The Argument of this Poeme.



T what time that great and fatall enemy of Rome, Hannibal (after that he had wonne those memorable and famous battels of Ticenum, Trebesa, Thracimen, and Cannes) had ouer-run and subdued the most part of all Italy, putting Rome her selfe into a maruellous feare to haue beeene surprised if he had then followed his fortune: Of all her great Captains and Commanders (she then had) Fabius Maximus was esteemed the most wise and politike, Marcellus the most valiant, because by experience in sundry conflicts, he made the Romans know, that Hannibal was not invincible: yet of them all none so much repined to see the Maiesty, and greatnessse of her state limited, as it were, within her owne wals, as young Publius Corn. Scipio, the sonne of that Publ. Scipio, who first fought with Hannibal at his coming into Italy, and afterwards kild, valiantly fighting against his enemies, in Spain, with his brother Cne. Scipio. They both thus dead, & the army there destitute of a Commander, the Senat long time consulted to find out some worthy Captaine to supply that roome, but could find no man that durst undertake so dangerous a charge, considering the losse of two so great and famous Captaines before. Til at length, the whole assembly beeing called, to chuse a Vice-consull, all the other Princes and Peeres of the Realme being silent at so worthy a motion, Scipio beeing but 24. yeares of age, accepted the charge, and immediatly therenpon departed for Spaine, which to his immortall glorie, he quickly subdued againe to the Romaine obedience; from whence returning to Rome, he was presently chosen Consul, with the great ioy and applause of the people: and had Cicill assigned to him for his Prouince, with power (if he pleased) to make war in Africk.

The Argument.

So beeing stirred up thereto by the often intreaties, and great promises of Massinissa king of Numidia, a valorous and courageous young Prince, and a great friend of the Romanes, he leauied new forces, and hauing prepared shippes and munition in Sicill fit for such a iourney, went thither: and after many famous battels, at the last he ouercame Hasdrubal, and Syphax king of the Massacilians; who to enjoy the beautie of Sophonisba, the daughter of the sayd Hasdrubal, had but lately left the Romane friendship, to take part with the Carthaginians; to follow whome Scipio sent Massinissa, with Caius Lælius and his light horse-men, whom they pursued to his owne country, and there in a new conflict tooke him prisoner. Thereafter Massinissa went to Cyrtha the chiefe city of his Realme, which he took, and there at the first view became enamoured with the matchlesse and incomparable beauty of Sophonisba, whom not only he promised to free frō Romane bondage, but also tooke her to his wife: which Scipio understanding, sharply rebukes him for his fault, telling him that no Romane confederate was able to gine libertie to a prisoner taken by the Romane armes, who beauily regrating his offence, to so courteous and continent a Captaine, and lamenting, bee could not obserue his promise to Sophonisba, sends her a cup of poyson, with a letter, shewing her, bee could not else obserue his faith giuen to her but by that potion, which she immediatly drinks, to preuent all further misery, and gines me the Argument of this Poeme.

To

To my lousing Cousin Da: Murray.

Faire *Sophonisba* on her tragike stage,
(To death, or bondage worse then death design'd)
Doth shew the grea:nesse of a proud grieu'd minde,
Th' ambitious thoughts of *Scipio* to asswage:
With courage farre aboue her sex and age,
She quafs the cup her loue-sick Lord propin'd,
By which although her liues-thred was vt twyn'd,
Yet she triumphs aboue the Roman rage:
Thrice happy Queene, and more then happy thrice,
Who finds a rare Physition with such skil,
To rob the Fates of thee thre lawfull prize,
By vertue of his cuer-liuing quil,
And makes that poysen which bereft thy breath,
By power of his pen, to poyson death.

Your lousing Cousin.

JOHN MURRAY.

To my kinde friend Da: Murray.

Innew attire (and put most neatly on)
Thou *Murray* mak'st thy passionate Queene apeare,
As when she sat on the Numidian throne,
Deck'd with those Gems that most resulg ent were.
So thy stronge muse her maker like reparies,
That from the ruins of her wasted vnce,
Into a body of delicious ayres:
Againe her spirit doth transmigrated turne,
That scortching soile which thy great subiect bore,
Bred those that coldly but expres'd her merit,

Buc

But breathing now vpon our colder shore,
Here shee hath found a noble fiery spirit,
Both there, and here, so fortunate for Fame,
That what shee was, she's euery where the same.

M. DRAYTON

To my deere friend D A: Murray.

Fame (slauet to Time) still flying here and there,
Tels what sad wonders in this world hath beene,
Wrought with the tragike pencil of dispaire,
Which doth nought else but horri'd woes containe,
Braue Sophonisba, faire, and stately Queene
Whom Murray's wits, for vertue, now adores,
None but this age her (matchlesse) like hath seene
And none so high, her well deserving sores :
For what shee lost, his Muse againe restores,
Her life adorns his euer-liuing lines
His pen, her praise, each other still decores,
So in her worth, his verse, most brightly shines:
Faire Queene whose death did end the Romans strife,
Hath made his Muse giue her a brauer life.

SIMON GRAHAME.

The



The Tragical Death of *Sophonisba.*

SAD Massinissa, swoolne with griefe and rage,
When all his credit seru'd not to intreat
His braue victorious friend, to dis-ingage
His late-spous'd Lady from a seruile state:
Hafse mad, distraught, confus'dly doth hee write,
To show, the Romaine Conqueror thinks to send
Her as a slauē his triumph to attend.

But lo (quoth he) t'auoyd this vnkind doome,
And that my oath vn-violate remaine,
Made once to thee, thou never shouldst see Romes
That her prou'd Dames might glory in thy paine,
And point their fingers at thee in disdaine:
I send thee here a potion with my letters,
To sauē my faith from foyle, and thee from feters.

Yet if my vnsain'd tears can haue the force,
(Deare Idoll of my soule) with thee so much,
I pray thee onely haue this small remorse
Of thine owne life, this cup thou never touch,
Till that thou see thy haples fortune such.

As nothing else can serue: I say (though loth)
Drinke this to sauē thine honor, and my othe.

The Tragical Death

In this meane time il' labour with thy foe,
In whose assistance I haue spent my bloud,
To pitty thy estate, and easse my woe,
In the releasing of thy servitude;
Which if his gentle Nature shall thinke good,
Straight you shall know, if hee refuse, too soone,
These lines, aye me! haue said what should be done.

Thus having written, with a sighing spirit,
Hee shouls those blacke newes in a snow-white sheet,
Vt ring these speeches, to the scroll; her merit
Deseru'd a better pretent then this witt:
Yet shall shee see so rare a thing in it,
From servitude and shame shall saue her now,
And likewise me from a polluted vow.

Then quickly calst he vnto him a post,
Whose secrecy he oftentimes vs'd to proue,
Whom straightwaies he commands to leaue the hoste,
And bear these gifts of death vnto his loue;
Who doth no soone from his sight remoue,
But straight his conscience summons out his fact,
To appere before him in a shap most blacke.

Behold the resolutions of man,
How vnauduisdly, sometimes, they proceed
Breeding repentance oftinies, when they can
Not bring a backe that which they once decreed;
Th' al-ruling heauens being the cause indeed,
Which scorching humane wisdome lets vs know,
The imperfections of our thoughts below.

For

Of Sophonisba.

For loe this Prince who lately thought his faith,
And his sweet Ladies liberty to stand,
In the post-speedy acting of her death,
Which made him this sad message to command,
Which being past he rewes it out of hand.

But can not now remend it which is wofse,
Too late repentance ever breeds remorse.

The messenger whom time and vse had learn'd,
Obsequious duty to his maisters will,
Hast to his iourney, hauing not discern'd,
The foddaine passion that his soule did kill:
Each cannot gaze a Princes breast intill.

Whose outward iestures seldome doe bewray, (prey
Those inward grieves, whereon there thoughts doe

So ist with him who on his iourney gôes,
Thinking on nothing but a quick returne,
Leauing his maister so o'r-come with woes,
That downe he lies vpon his bed to mourne:
Whose scalding sighes which inwardly doe burne,
The perly conduites of his teares vp dries,
As Phœbus drinks the May dew from the skies,

It was the time by this the post departed,
That golden Phœbus hides his glorious beames,
Low in the Westerne Ocean, when vncarted:
His neighing steeds leaving their weariest teames,
Whose mouthes through trauell yet the froth out fumer,
Goes to their nightly manger, and their guide,
In Thessia lap his hoary head did hide.

The Tragical Death

A sable darkenesse did the earth o'reshed,
And busie labourers left their dayly toile :
Way-faring Pilgrims wished peryods made
To that dayes iourney, wearied with turmoile,
The pearly dew besprinkled all the soile :
And chaste *Diana* gan for to arise,
And thrust her forked head into the skies.

Both man and beast, and all the fowles that flies,
Betooke them to the nights delighting ease :
Nothing did stirre, saue that the trembling trees,
Did by their shakings little whisprings raise :
The siluer streames slide softly by their braise,
And sauing wronged *Philomell* that wept,
Her wofull rape, each other creature slept.

The Heauens were calme, imbrodered with starres,
The earth was silent, and the seas at rest,
Uole and *Neptune* le't their wonted warres,
And as companions for that night embrac'd,
And if it were not mindes with griefe opprest,
Whose carefull thoughts are still renew'd by night,
A drowsie slumber did possesse each wight.

And well this solitary time did fit,
The griefe-oppressed minde of this great Lord,
Who now almost distract of sence and wit,
His loues estate such passions do affoord,
That he has scarcely power to breath one word ;
,,For greatest sorrowes oft-times hold their peace,
,,While little grieues to prattle never cease.

His

Of Sophonisba.

His tounq into his throates deepe center flics,
In silence there for euer to abide,
Likewise, ashamed of the light, his eyes
Within their Iuory couerlets them hide,
From thence againe, nere thinking to be spide,
For since the light of his desires was gone,
He thought no light was to be lookt vpon.

Nothing he heares but straight affrights his eares,
Each thing he sceles and touches, breeds him terror :
Without benum'd of sense within his feares
Perplexe his minde, with ougly shapes of horror,
His conscience still vpbraides him, with his error,
First of the making of his vowe, and next,
That found so fowle a meane to keepe it fixt.

Ten thousand sundry thoughts at once molest him,
In diuerse formes presenting diuers woes,
The harmlesse bed wherein he lyes to rest him,
Of his past deed he thinkes the fondnesse shoues,
His cares growne big with many bitter throwes,
Seeke for deliuary from his griefe swolne brest,
Which in the birth dye smoothered and opprest.

He burnes, he swels, he turnes, and takes no rest,
With anger, rage, with griefe, and restlesse groanes,
So great a masse of sorrowes him opprest,
As now the world deliuered, he suppones,
And free exempt from cares, releas'd of moanes,
Her spacious face so oft before had troubled,
And all laide now on him, yea more then doubled.

The Tragical Death

His sorrow-silent-stricken-toung, cannot

Kepe back the passage of his sighes, no more

Which so assailes it, that it leaues his throate,

Returning thither whence it fled before,

While comming to his breath's faire Iuory doore,

It begs a pasport from his lips of new,

To those greefe-boyling sighes which so pursue.

But they like volleys, willing to be wrocken,

On it poore toung, that staid their course so long,

Disorderly do march, their rankes being broken

All would be first for to reueng their wrong,

Euen as wee see a mad vnruly throng,

Of countrey Clownes, to sack some bordering towne,

Run swarming from the hills and mountaines downe.

Or as a Christall current, that is staid,

To pay his debt full tribute to the sea,

His channell stopt, whereby his course delayd,

He's forst a back vnto his sourse to flye,

Till that his streames increas'd, he growes so high,

That cuer bankes and braies he runs a maine,

Impetuously vnto the sea againe.

So his vnruly sighes all head-long follow,

Each striuing first who shall preuent an other:

But his throats entry being straight and hollow,

And they in number numberlesse come thither,

Cannot affoord them passage altogether.

While striuing for the place each in dislaine,

Sends one another smothered back againe.

His

Of Sophonisba.

His eyes which all this time inclosed lye,
Gazing vpon the motions of the thought:
How soone those ciuill broyles they do espye,
That sorrow had to his mindes kingdome brought,
No longer in their Couerletts they mought
Behould the tragick view of their friends dying,
But straight retires them to their somet being.

His toungh and eyes now com'd to their owne place,
It enters to complaine, and they to weepe,
For since the ardor of his sighes did cease,
The humid vapours which his heart did keepe,
Vnboyl'd by them, to his eyes cesterns creepe.

From thence vpon his tender cheeke downe hopps,
Hanging like Perles vpon his soft-downe cropps.

And after long spent teares, his toungh at length
In pittious sort those wofull words did breath,
Wretch'd *Maffinissa*, had thou not the strength,
To saue one poore distressed Dame from death,
Brought vnder by vncoustant fortunes wrath?

Who onely vnder safety of thy shield,
Poore Lady, life and liberty did yeeld.

And that on such a couenant alasse,
Shee thee ingag'd these Jewels of her minde,
That thou should still preserue her from disgrace,
Which thou to doe, thy selfe by oath didst binde,
O cruell, cruell, thousand times vnkinde,
That could not else obserue thy passed faith,
But by thy haplesse louers wofull death.

The Tragical Death

Ah! who had seene her, when thou didst behold her,
Heauing her faire and snow-white hands to thee,
Crauing thy pity, as thy felte then told her,
(Though in th'extreameſt ſtate of miſery)
Became much rather her ſweete felte to bee
A pity gifer, then to beg the ſame,
That ſo with lookeſ the conqueror ouer-came.

Throwne downe by fortune, plung'd in deepe diſtreſſe,
Cros'd with affliction, ouer-come with ſorrows :
Touch'd with each paſſion, could a minde oppreſſe ;
Captiu'd or night, that was a Queene at morrow,
Yet her ſweet looks, though ſad ſweet looks did borrow,
Both pity, and compassion, to her griefe,
Deſerring preſent euill, t' a worse miſchiefe.

Vindictiue thoughts, calamity and care,
Foes vnto beauty, maiesty, and grace,
Made her not ſeeme leſſe beauteuill, leſſe faire,
For though that ſorrows ſeem'd to maſke her face,
Yet her faire eyes, as if they ſcorn'd diſgrace,
Whiles floods of liquid pearls down frō them powres,
Did glance like *Phæbus* rayes in Aprill ſhowres.

Ay me! vnhappy, thus to minde her rarieties,
To which all hearts and eyes did owe their ſeauty,
Whiles all her vertues (as conteinig parties;)
Doe now ypbraid me with the breach of duty,
For had ſhe not beene of ſuch birth and beauty;
And alwayes matchleſſe-excellent, God knowes,
Her miſchieſes had beene leſſe, and leſſe my woes.
For

Of Sophonisba.

For, oh! this grieues me more then death ten-fold,
To thinke that one of such desert must dye,
And that I haue not power to controul't,
Yea that I must the author thereof be,
Oh wondrous! wondrous contrariety!

Oh wofull chance! grieve past compare to giue
Death to that iife, by which I onely liue.

Oh this it is torments my martyr'd minde,
That my vnhappy destiny is such,
To prooue most cruell, where I would most kinde:
Is this th'effect? ô gods! of louing much,
If it be so, let never loue more touch
The plagued heart of such a wofull wretch,
Curst be that loue that cruelty doth hatch.

Sweete Sophonisba, when thou shalt receiue,
That hatefull potion, which I now haue sent thee;
It will not grieue thee halfe so much to leaue
(I know the heauens so great a spirit haue lent thee)
Thy lingring life, as that it will repent thee.
Thou was not kild in that vnhappy day,
When in proud Cyrsba thou became my prey.

For had thou then by rage of victors wrath,
Beene cruelly kild by force of Sword or Dart,
More happy thrice had beene thy haplesse death,
And gladlier might thy Ghost to Styx depart,
Nor lefft to dye by one to whom thy heart
Thou gaue in pledge of liberty and life,
Who sau'd a captiue Queene to kill a wife.

But

The tragicall Death

But now to die when life was most assur'd
By oath and promise seal'd with wedlockes knot,
An heauy burdning n'ere to be indur'd,
Detested fact which cannot be forgott,
Haynous offence which never Time shall blot:
But that it shall by all-relating fame,
Fly through the world to my eternall shame.

Why did I not fore-warne thee at thy taking,
Freely to death or bondage to giue place?
But then (alas) was no such bargaine making,
For the nere-like-seene beauty of thy face,
Bewitcht me then with such enchanting grace,
That in despite of all the Romane swords,
I vow'd thy safety and defence by words.

Which oh ! hath prou'd a weake and strengthlesse vow
Affoarding nothing vnto thee but death:
For had thou daign'd thy haughty heart to bow
To th' meanest souldier that our Legions hath,
He rather would haue sacrific'd his breath,
Or that he would haue suffered thee to bee
Vs'd by constraint,much lesse haue seene thee die.

But I much more then common souldiers be:
A Captaine, a Commander, and a King ,
Whom Fortune in her grace aduanc'd so high,
That mighty Princes I to bands did bring,
Cannot (alas) O to be wondred thing!

Thee poore distressed Dame from bondage shield,
Who to none liuing but my selfe woul'd yeeld.

Thou

Of Sophonisba.

Thou neither life, nor kingdome didst implore,
Nor yet thy husband *Syphax* his releefe,
Nor that they would thy royalty restore,
Nor that thy followers might auoide mischiefe,
No, haplesse Queene, this was thy onely griefe,
And wotull sute, that to no Romaine borne,
Thou might be giu'n to liue in seruile scorne.

Innated hatred, bred in either blood,
Of *Carthaginian* and of *Romaine* race,
Farre worste then death, feare of their seruitude,
Made thee alas, to thinke it lesse disgrace,
To haue beene sacrificed in that place,
By some--bloud guilty hand, nor liu'd a *Queene*,
In chaines of gold, in *Romes* faire Citty seene.

Which made thee to relye thy hopes on me,
Whom neighbourhod and nature did combine,
Com'd of Italian bloud by no degree,
But of that ancient great *Numidias* line,
Which euer at *Romes* greatnessse did repine:
And most of all, this one thing mou'd thy minde,
That I was theirs by chance, and not by kinde,

And on my part much more did challenge loue,
Then countrey, bloud, or birth, or high degree,
Maiesticke courage, beaury, grate, did moue,
And plead compassion in the cruellest eye,
Hard Tygrish harted, and remorselesse hee,
Hearing thy sighes and plaints, veiwing thy teares,
Would not haue freed the scorning world of scates.

The Tragical Death

Is death a ioynter equall to thy dower? Should such a beauty be bereft of breath? But feeble *Massinissa* see thy power, Behold the fruities are frustrate of thy faith, Who couldst not save a Lady faire from death, To whom (alas) were left no other meanes, But she must die a Queene, or liue in chaines.

O Liberty! too dearely, dearely bought
At such a rate, so ransom'd and obtain'd,
And who procures you so, may well be thought
Of his owne life too prodigall a friend:
O cruell freedome! that must be maintain'd
By blouds expence, and by no other way,
As this vnhappy wretched Queene may say.

Yet wronged Lady, thou art not to blame,
Now to exchange thy life for liberty:
I must sustaine the blot thereof with shame,
As th'onely author of thy miserie;
Happy, (though haples I) thou ay shalt be,
For thy braue mind into renowne be had,
Though still detested I who thee betrayd.

What shall the world and comming ages speake,
When they shall read the story of thy fall?
Shall they not sweare that I might iustly breake
To flinty *Scipio*, and the *Romaines* all?
A traytor to my heart they shall me call:
To thee but mercy: cruell, and vnkind,
And iustly all to me may be assign'd.

Both

Of Sophonisba.

Both to my Deare vngratefull, and to Nature
I shall be thought (alas) for euer still,
That furnisht death, vnto so rare a creature,
Whom euen Deaths selfe did pity (oh) to kill:
O to be thought-of-memorable ill!
Which by no tract of time shall be forgotten,
But shall grow euer greene, when it seemes rotten.

What rests there then (detested wretch) to thee?
But that thou find out some repairelesse place
To waile thy woes: but whither shalt thou flie
To sauе thee from the sting of thy disgrace?
For no where great Apollo shewes his face,
To Indus, Tagus, Tay, nor Nilus streme,
But all shall know vile Massinissa's shame.

Mourne foorth thy shame with neuer-stanching teares,
Sigh for thy error till thy heart be broken,
Acquaint thy wrong to Tygers, Wolfes, and Beares,
Whose quenchles thirst of blood, thy blood may flocken,
That so thy fault may be seuerely wrocken:
And for thy beastly cruelty, that they
To stanch their hunger, on thy corps may prey.

But if more pitty in their sauage hearts,
There be nor was in thy remoistesse mind,
Thinke that the same nought els to thee imparts,
But as thou nature, so they'l passe their kind,
Which being to rapine and to bloud inclin'd,
Yet least it were a benefite to thee,
From tortring thoughts deny thy soule to free.

And

The Tragical Death

And sometimes while the Turtle moanes her make,
With many a heauie, shrill, and piteous crie,
Leaning her soft brest to a withered stake,
Still crauing death, (poore bird) but cannot die:
No other beast neere-hand, nor no fowle nye,
Who hauing lost her loue, doth hate repaire,
Bethou her Eccho to resound her care.

Sing thou the treble to her mournfull songs,
Reply her sad notes with thy dying grones,
While she bewailes her griefes, bewaile thy wrongs,
And as she sits on prickes, sit thou on stones:
This sympathetic shall best become your moanes;
This harmony of neuer-dying playnts,
Best fits the humors of such male-contents.

This Purgatorie-penance to endure,
With patience thy selfe till death content,
Into those desarts where thou must imature
Thy errors euerlasting penitent,
Ne're finding one with whom thou maist frequent;
Vnlesse thou hap vpon some homely cell,
Where Pilgrims haunt and hoary Hermits dwele.

Liue then this death, or rather dye this life,
Let it be death to liue, and liue to die:
Let thy owne soule be with thy soule at strife:
Let thy owne heart, thy hearts own bourreau be,
Let all the euils on earth triumph in thee,
Let still thy selfe be of these euils the wort,
In actions all, in life, in death accusst.

Thus

Of Sophonisba.

Thus al the night he did his plaints renew,
Mourning his sweet loues wofull miserie :
And now the Morning lent a loath'd adew,
Till amorous *Titan* in a scarlet die,
And the swift-winged Consort mounting high,
Tun d'out their sweetest warbles in the skies,
Till *Phæbus* wakened with their restlesse cries.

Who peece and peece his golden head vp-heaues
Aboue th'vnconstant watty liquid Mainc ,
There weeping *Memnons* losse, *Aurora* leues,
Whose teares for pittie he quaffes vp againe,
Which all the night bedewed had each plaine:
The tender grasse seem'd by their withered crops,
To waile the wanting of these holesome drops.

And now the Light (expelling darknesse) shin'd
Through Sophonisba's chamber where she lay,
Who all this night was most extreamly pin'd,
With vgly visions did her mind astray,
That she can-nought discerne: if it be day,
She thinkes she dreames that which she waking sees,
Scarfe if she will give credit to her eyes.

But whether that accustomed time,
Or then the loathing of a restlesse rest,
Or of imagination of some crime,
The waking Sent'nell of each carefull brest:
Or then the nature of a mind opprest:
Made her to know't, or if that all in one,
But now she finds the night away is gone,

Then

The tragical Death

Then enters she for to bethinke what end,
The Oracles importred she had dream'd,
To which her fancies Commentar's do lend,
Direct contrare to that they had proclaim'd,
To apprehend the worst she is ashame'd:

Loue makes her iudge of things in such degree,
Not as they were, but as she wisht to bee.

But now t' auoyd those ominous conceits
Sleepe did afford, she quickly vp arose,
Leauing the snow-white, soft, and lawny sheets,
Impouerish'd thereby t'enrich her cloes,
Which to presage her worter-comming woes,

That day by fortune were of colour blacke,
And thus vnwares deaths liuery she doth take.

In which her heart-bereauing beauty shin'd,
Like faire Diana in the sable night,
Or like a polisht Diamond of Ind,
Set in blacke Iet, to giue a glance more bright,
Or like the great bright Patterne of the light,
When that his glorious glistering beames do chase
Some ouer-shadowing cloudes that maske his face.

Her conquering eyes were in ambuscad layd
Of golden glittering haire, where twinkling they
Send foorth such dazelng glances from that shade,
As Phaebus brighter never did display
There wanton Cupid sporting himselfe lay,
In those pure streames, which from those eyes distil'd,
From whence vn-wares the haughtiest hearts he kil'd,

Her

Of Sophonisba.

Her smooth cheeke whiter then the whitest lawne,
Or winter snowes which couer ~~Atlas~~ face,
Where Nature artificially had drawne,
Her fairer nose, that fairer part to gracie:
On whose each side a little distant space,
Vermillion Roses, and sweet Lillies grew
Which checker'd that faire field with crimson hew.

Her teeth like rankes of orientall pearle,
With corall died lips were coypas'd round,
From whence farre sweeter then the well tun'd merle:
Her heart-bereauing tongue did softly sound:
Words of such force the flintiest heart to wound.
Her baulmy breath, in worth, in taste, in smell,
Did ciuet, muske, and amber-greaze excell.

Her dimpled chinne (loues cabinet) where he,
To gaze on hidien beauty oft repar'd,
Their sat the wanton, and with lustyng eye,
Now on her breast, now on her belly star'd:
Whose amorous soule with such hid ioyes insnar'd.
Betwixt her milky globes skipt oft from thence,
A littler lower to delight his fense.

Her marble necke did vnder-prop those graces,
Which from her line straight-body stately sprung,
Her foulding armes into there severall places,
Close by her tender dainty sides downe hung:
From whence her snow white hands, smooth, flecke and
In Iuory colums, did them selues forth spread, (long
Whose smallest touch the heauiest heart could glad.

C

Her

The Tragical Death

Her breast the cabbin of her Princely minde,
Whercon two alabaster globes were fixt,
Whose wounding aspect the beholders pin'de:
Being heere and there with azur'd veines commixt,
To tell her other rar'ties were prolix.

Imagine all her clothes of cristall glasse,
Vvhene eyes cannot, let apprehension passe.

But liuely to expresse her right Idea,
And in a word her matchlesse parts to tell,
Such was sweet Sidneis faire, faire Philoclea,
Vvhene her braue riuals at contention fel
By Ladons streames, yet ours did her excel.

In that his braine but dream'd of such as she,
Ours was that which, his braine dream'd her to bee.

Thus deckt (sweet Lady) both by Art and Nature,
Viewd, wounded at, admired by each eie,
She leaues her chamber like some heauenly creature,
Adorn'd with all the pompe of Maiesty,
But ah! who can auoide the Fates decree?

Vvhate power can flie death, when he list to strike,
In court and cottage priuiledg'd a like?

Nor doth this breath-bereauing monster keepe,
A certaine diet, or appointed date,
For sometime they who most securely sleepe,
Vvhoe doe on nothing lesse then death conceit,
There life then hangs into most dangerous stase:
For why vnwares he oftentimes comes to many,
But being call'd for, seldom comes to any.

And

Of Sophonisba.

And when he comes, request, nor yet intreat,
With this remorselesse catife nought availes,
For when he finds aproach the fatall date:
The execution neuer in him failes,
So many kinde of waies this cheete assailes,
That where so e're we goo, we walke, or fare,
Head-longes we run the post into his snare.

Ten thousand diuers meanes he has, whereby
He do's destroy this little world of man,
Sometime by naturall sicknesse makes him lie,
Till *Atrop*'s cut the thred her sister span:
Sometime by sword, by pestilence, or than
By ciuell famine, which of all is worst,
Poore silly man to quit his breath is forst.

He sometime stirs vp brother against brother
To cruell iarres, like earth-borne *Cadmus* brood,
And which is more vnnaturall, makes the mother
T' inwombe againe her child for want of food,
And sometime makes within the raging flood,
The monstrous great *Balena* to intombe,
Poore wretched man within his hollow wombe.

And in this last age mongst so many hunders,
Of diuers kindes of instruments he hath,
The deuill ha's moulded one engine that thunders
Destruction, ruine, horror, terrour, death;
This mercy-wanting frame, this birth of wrath,
Not onely brais to ashes, flesh and bones,
But ruins mountaines, hills and towers of stonies.

THE tragical Death

Yet notwithstanding all those diuerse waies,
He hath reserued secret meanes, whereby,
To kill whom neither sword nor famine slayes,
Nor naturall death, nor pestilence makes die:
Nor that is swallowed by the raging sea.

With powerfull poison secret and vnseene,
He can dispatch, as he did serue this Queene.

For now the post, who, as you heard, was gone,
From *Majinissa* so his iourney hied
That by the swift pac'd horses of the Sunne,
Were in their places to his Charriot tied.
He *Sophonisbae*'s palace had espied.

And eu'en as from her chamber shee did goe,
He doth his letters and his credit shew.

But he no sooner doth approach her sight,
When to her alwaies harme-misdeeming minde,
Takes apprehension all things went not right:
Whether t'were that her *Genius* so deuin'd,
Or that her thoughts suspiciously enclin'd,
Marking the letters date and his great speed,
Coniectures some sad matter to succeed.

Yet doth she all that lies in her to couer,
This suddaine feare that so appales her heart,
And to that end ask's for his Lord her louer:
In what good health he was, and in what part:
And with that word her stagring tongue did thwart.

For the remembrance in what part he was,
Infor'd her minde to sadder thoughts giue place.

Then

Of Sphonisba.

Then with a houering silence still she stands
And gazes on the ground with staring eyes,
The simple swain to such abrupt demaunds,
Ere he could answere long amazed staies;
At last with bashfull tongue he thus replies,
Your roiall husband, Madam, and my Lord,
Rests in good health as I can well record.

Of which (sayd hee) I hope his princely letter,
Can better far then I informe your grace,
I thanke thee friend (sayd shee) but sighes did let her
To say the rest, such was her carefull case:
Transported for a while, she held her peace.

Words killing sighes, sighes killing words againe,
So that betwixt them her discours is slaine.

This airy combat, this debate of breath,
This speech restrayning strife, this sighing warre
Did euен bewray what she to shew was laith:
And makes the carrier to discerne her care,
Who sad to see a beauty matchlesse faire,
In such a plight (poore swaine) he smiling told her,
How much his louing Lord long'd to behold her.

By speech and iesture shee remarkeſ him then,
Vndoubted badges of a troubled minde,
And neither token, nor appearance can
Of any harme by his behaviour find;
So that her feares they vanish with the winde.
And her disturbed thoughts of new takes hold,
Of better hopes which makes her somewhat bold.

The Tragical Death

She takes the letter and with smyling cheere,
She opens and ynsoulds the seales with speed,
At the first view whereof it did appere,
The crimson beauty of her cheeke did fade
Which straight returnes into a brighter red,
In scarlet colour dying all her face,
Which to pale whitenesse soone againe gives place.

But howsoe'r her bloud thus went and came,
Vn-interrupted she reads out the letter,
And having read it still reads o're the same:
The more she reads it seemes she likes it better,
The standers-by thought it some louely matter,
Which in the reading bred her so great pleasure,
Leaves her alone to read it at more leisure,

Thus left, and left in such a taking to,
She takes the poyson and remarkes it well,
Which she could not so vnamaz'dly doe,
But that her heart a sodaine change did feele:
Her dazled eyes began to reell,
And if that honour had not come to aide her,
Fraile flesh and life to view it more had staide her.

Then enters straight a combat in her soule,
Betwixt her honour and her fearefull life,
Life wishes her to shun a death so foule:
Honour by death praiers her to end all strife:
Life yet intreats for respit to her life,
And honour still protestes that in no case,
But by her death she can avoide disgrace.

And

Of Sophonisba.

And addes this more, that if she ment to liue,
She needs would leaue her, and with her also,
Her chastity which beauly did greeue,
To be a prey to an insulting foe:
And praises her to accept of either two,

A glorious death with honour and with fame,
Or still to liue with soule reproach and shame.

But life againe those reasons t' ouerthrow,
A thousand sweet alluring baites doth lay
Before her eyes, thereby to make her know,
T'was inhumane her selfe to kill and slay:
Sayd she let skil-contending Doctors play,
Such tragicke fits that doe maintaine like fooles,
This honour in their Academicke schoole.

And whereas honour now would threaten thee,
That if thou liue, thou must quite claime, for aye
Thy wonted fame and spouleſſe chastity,
Who shall accuse thee for the same I pray?
Thy husbands lost, captiu'd, gone, and away,
For that no ransome euer can redeeme him,
So that for dead I doubtleſſe doe esteeme him.

Dead must to dead, the liuing to the liuing,
The graue cannot be capable of loue,
It ill beseemes thy youth to be thus greeuing:
Must thou a mourner restleſſe euer proue?
Thy beauty was not fram'd to ſuch behoue,
That thy ſweete yeeres ſhould ſtill conſumed be,
A votrefleſſe yntoloues-ſoe, chafity.

The Tragical Death

Let *vestalls*, who all other Nuns excells,
Closely immur'd from mens society,
While as they chat in their religious cells,
Maintaine this idle theame of chastitie,
Let this their Euen-song, and their Matins be,
A text more fitting that retired sort,
Then for the tender beauties of the Court.

Beauty (God knowes) was not ordain'd to mone,
Nor to liue chastely at her first creation :
For skilfull Nature, who hath made the Sunne
To giue vs light, made her for procreation,
Not Image-like for ostentation,
But as choise fruites are made-of for choise seedes,
And stately Stallions to breed stately steeds.

As th' Apple to the taste, the Rose to smell,
The pleasant Lilly to delight the eye,
Gould for the touch, sweete Musick greefe to expell,
So rarest beauty was ordained to be,
The mindes desired full society,
The treasure of the soule, the hearts delight,
Loues full contentment both by day and night.

Stray but along the pleasant fields and see,
If that each creature loues not in some measure,
The wanton birds sit billing on each tree,
To see the faire Pawne wooc, it were a pleasure,
Beauty alone is not the Princes treasure,
Marke well each flock, by mountaine or by plaine,
Is follow'd by some louing Nymph or Swaine.

There

Of Sophonisba.

There feeds the Heifer, and the gentle Ewe,
Courting the proud Bull, and the sawcy Ramme,
There does the courser his hotte loue pursue,
With his braue breeder in a mutuall flame :
The timorous Hare, and Conie doth the same,
So doth the princely Stagge, the milke white Hinde,
All loue according to their course of kinde.

And if it be not that sole bird of wonder,
Th' Arabian Phœnix, nothing breath's but loues,
Which vstill like, doth spend of yeares fие hunder,
And never loues sweete operation prooues;
The thought thereof, so much her chaste minde moues,
That as agreeu'd to liue so long alone,
At length she burnes for sorrow in the sunne.

How then vnkindly honor with thee deales,
Who so vntimely would thy life bereave ?
As if that nothing now sauē death availes,
Nor that thou could not liue vntillie a flauē,
How fondly loe, she seekes thee to deceave,
There's no such danger, if thou wilt beleue,
From hence therfore, let no such thoughts thee grieue.

The meekest conquerors to a yeelding soe,
That euer yet aspir'd to greatness hight,
Are the braue Romans, who as wisely know,
To vse their mercy as they doe their might ;
Let not dispaire so much thy soule affright,
For why thy fates more good to thee designe,
If thou do not against thy fates repine.

Con.

The Tragical Death

Conceit that thou must brauely liue in blisse,
Thinke that thy minde and fortune shall agree,
Who knowes but that thy noble friend ere this,
Has mollisied proud *Scipios* hard decree?
Tis time enough sweete Queene for thee to dye,
When thou art not thy selfe, eu'en then alasse,
When thy true glasse shall shew thy wrinckled face.

Thy dainty corps fies better to receiue
The sweete embracements of a louing friend
Then to be made a morsell for the graue,
From whence againe it cannot be redeem'd:
Oh ! that from thence it might be still exceed'd,
Thy beauty is too delicate a prey,
By lothsome wormes to be consum'd away.

Thus fearesfull life did for her selfe poysonst,
Still seeking entertainment by delays;
Till Honor mad to see her so possest,
With such enchanting, false, and syren sayes,
Her conquering colours boldly forth displayes,
Into the face of life, and in this sort,
Her arguments and errors doth refort,

And what O life ! and must thou too conspire
With her disgrace t'out-liue a glorious name?
Eye dastard, banish such a fond desire,
And blush thou didst conceit the same for shame,
I put the case thou passe the date of fame,
And that thou scape th'insulting victors wrath,
Yet what assurance hast thou of thy breath?

Which

Of Sophonisba.

Which like a dreame, a snoake, a vapor fleyes,

Without assured or prefixed date,

How many well at morne or euening dies?

Such is the frailty of our humaine state,

Most certainly vncertaine of our fate.

Yet this we know for certaine, wee must dye.

When, where, or how God knowes, vncertaine wee.

Then peevish hagge, how dares thou thus presume,
With thy be-lying reasons to persuade,
This fortune-wronged Lady to see Rome,
As if no danger thereby might be had? O
Shall it of *Sophonisba* (ah) be said,

That she t'shunne a transitory paine,

Made choice to liue vnto her honours staine,

No, no, it were an vnauidised chiose,
Great Queene, for thee to liue with such disgrace,
What more dishonour couldst thou do to those,
I meane to *Syphax*, *Carthage*, and thy race,
Then that thou shouldest now fearfully giue place
To lifes all urements, which doth seekew with shaine,
To kill thee by the killing of thy same?

Would not great *Syphax* blush to heare it told,
His soules chiese minion, darling of his heart,
T'injoy whose loue, hee was so fortily bold,
From the great Romans friendship to depart,
Which makes him liue captiu'd in endlesse smart,

Should now t'his eternal griefe be made,

A lustfull prey vnto a lawlesse bed?

And

The Tragical Death

And would not Romes Coriuall to be sorrie,
Great Carthage that her *Sophonisba* should
Be made a trophæ to the Romane glorie,
Whose matchlesse beautie oft-times purchase could
Mo friends to her then all her wealth or gold,
It doubtlesse would breed in that famous citie
More hate to her then either loue or pitty.

What would thy parents, friends, and kindred say,
If thou shouldst yeeld a captiue now to be?
But all bewaile the curst vnhappy day
Of thy conception and nativitie:
Then drinke this potion, that thou maist set free
Thy matchles-noble mind from beeing thrall,
So shalt thou be most famous in thy fall.

Looke how we see on glasse Neptunes face,
Two warlike ships a furious fight begin,
Now flies the one, the other now takes chace,
Now by the loafe, now by the lee they rin,
The liquid Mayne with their sharpe beakes they twin:
At length they grapple, and then boords in hast,
And who first enters backe againe is chac't.

No otherwise within her care-sraught breast,
This powerfull combat twixt her life and honor,
Is still maintain'd by turnes, whiles th' one is chac't,
Whiles th' other flies, whiles both do set vpon her,
Yet neither of them to their side can win her:
But now to honor, now to life giues place,
And dares not either freely to embrace.

Now

Of Sophonisba.

Now in the midst of this intestine warre,
Vncertaine thus to either side to yeeld,
Her passions still augment, more growes her care;
Her woes the greater that they are conceal'd:
" Sorrow is lightest when it is reueal'd:
" A heauy burthen to a troubled hart,
" Is much to feele, and little to impart.

Yet in this sad and silent agonie,
While life and honor furiously contend,
Enters braue Courage with audacie,
And giues this inward strife a fatall end,
And Honors high attempt doth so command,
That in despite of what her life could say,
Makes her resolu'd to die without delay.

At last she gently enters to vnfold
Her currall lips, from whence her balmy breath,
Euen loath to leaue that paradized hold,
Where it so long time sweetly soiourn'd hath,
Flies houering bout her lips afraid of death,
Till gentle Zephir's gales finding it there,
Doth softly blow it to perfume the ayre.

Looke how in cleare Meanders winding brinkes,
The snow-white Swan her execuies doth sing
In sweetest notes, till that for paine she shrinkes,
And doth her musicke with her breath resigne:
Euen so doth she, O to be wondred thing !

Vnto the poyson such sweet speeches breath,
As she had courted Cupid and not Death.

Thrice

The Tragical Death

Thrice-happy welcome guift (sayd she to me)
And much more welcome had thou bin (God knowes)
If husebands hands had not affoorded thee,
For Deaths more grievous friends do giue then foes,
Yet art thou not to blame, thou knewst my choice
Was euer to preferre a glorious death
Before an ignominious seruile breath.

I thanke you hartly for your kind regard,
And for the due aduertisement you give
Of *Scipio's* plots, against poore me prepar'd,
Who for his owne sake suffers me to liue,
The period of Ambition to atchiue,
To lead in triumph such a mighty Queene,
Who never shall at Rome aliue be seene.

Nor shall that proude ore-all-empiring citty,
Or her more proud inhabitants, whose rage
My father, friends, and kindred all but pity,
Kild and vadiid their fute to asswage,
Behold me captiue clos'd up in a cage,
Or lead in triumph to their Capitoll,
I rather chuse a thousand deaths to tholl.

Where her faire glorious Dames enricht by spoyle
Of an vnlawfull conquest, daily weares
Those robes and iewels which with great turmoyle,
Others haue conquerd to their haplesse heires:
Who ouercome with this great power of theirs,
Giue all they haue to ransom their poore liues,
Which they send home to beautifie their wiues.

Shal

Of Sophonisba.

Shall they into their windowes richly deckt,
To gaze vpon my miseries remaine?
Or shall they with their longing lookes expect
My wish'd approch, their eyes to entertaine
With the sad obiect of my glories waine?
But ere their sights be satisfied so,
I rather chuse quicke to my graue to go.

No,none ore me shall so insult or vaunt,
Whome slauie nor captive they shall neuer see,
Though conquer'd and orecome my selfe I graunt,
In all things else, yet of my liberty
None other liuing shall commander be;
Which I esteeme and prize at higher rate,
Then whatsoeuer riches, wealth, or state.

Shall I who in the highest chiese degree
Of Fortunes fauour lately shin'd in grace,
Abase my selfe so low a slauie to be,
To those who ruin'd me and all my race?
No,no such thought nor motion shall haue place,
Though all the euils on earth should me oppresse,
I liu'd a Queene, and I must die no lesse.

Let Rome triumph to heare of my distresse,
But neuer glorie to behold my wo:
Scipio my wracke in words may well expresse,
But me a captiue shall he neuer show:
Go who so list, I neuer meane to go
One foote, to grace his victories, I vow,
With his designes beeing so acquainted now.

Haue

The Tragical Death

Hauc not mine eyes as yet beheld alasse,
To many wofull obiects, but of force
They must behold and view their owne disgrace,
To grace the breeders triumph which is worse:
Is there no other pitty nor remorsie?

My crown's bereft, what rests there more to doe,
Must they bereave me of my honour to?

The gods and nature to the world did giue mee,
Molt free by birth, and so I'ue liu'd as yet,
And of my birth-right would they now bereave me
To curbe me with captiuities hard bit?
I minde not so from Natures gift to flit.

My freedomes lease till death doth not expire,
Which I to forfit neuer shall desire.

Thrice happy yee that spent your blessed breaths
In the defence of country liberty,
Who by your glorious and renouned deaths,
Express'd your mindes great magnanimity:
And left sad tokens to the enemy

Of your great valour and courageous spirits
While each his death, with his foes death acquits.

As most kinde children to your natuue soile,
In her defence yee spent your dearest bloud,
Your eyes ne'r vewing the regratefull spoile
Heauens hauing your attempts and force withstood
Whiche the proude fortune-follow'd multitude,

Of your fierce foes tooke on your haplesse ayres,
Being plagued both in this your losse, and theirs.

Of

Of Sophonisba.

Of which none iustlier may lament then I,
The wofull type of fortunes fickle grace,
Who with those haplesse eyes (alasse) did spie:
My noble father slaine before my face:
And by his side the most part of our race.

My husband conquer'd and captiu'd also,
In whose each griefe I felt a severall woe.

But fortune never wearied of change,
Vnconstant goddesse which affects nought more,
As if alone on mee she ment reuenge,
While death and horror stood my eyes before,
Did then present me with a shew of glorie,
As if repenting of her former wrong,
And yet meant greater iniurie's ere long.

Who would haue thought amidst a world of woes,
While nothing bur destruction did appeere,
All being in power of the insulting foes,
Life, liberty, or what I held most deere:
Teares in my eyes, my heart possest with feare,
Looking for nothing but a shamefull death,
That fortune then had mitigate her wrath?

Oh! had I died when death was so expected,
It had not seem'd so grievous far (alasse)
For while I stood at vnder and deiccted,
Bearing the burden of a sad disgrace,
I would haue thought he pitied had my case
Who had me kil'd in such a wofull plight,
For death, in sorrow and despaire, seemes light.

D

But

The Tragical Death

But fortune false, her fury to fulfill,
Reseru'd me then to a more wretched end,
As to make him the author of my ill,
Who from all euils did euer me defend,
But pardon me deere friend if I offend,
In counting thee a partner of my wrack,
Since death seemes grievous which from thee I take.

Scarce haue I dream'd yet of that matchlesse pitty,
Which vndeseru'd you did extend to me,
When in the ruines of this fackt eittie,
Thou did preserue my wished liberty,
And which is more, vouchsafst me then to be,
Thy blist and happy, now curst haplesse bride,
Since this sad potion must our loues deuide.

How can I but regrate, complaine and moane,
When scarcely yet I haue begun to taste
Those speachlesse pleasures that attend vpon
The sweete fruition of a Nuptiall feast,
Where sacred Hymen should be chiefeſt guest,
Sweete Madrigalls, and blessed hymnes be ſung,
And no ſad tales of buriall-bells be rung.

Oh let them iudge, who with delight and ioy,
Haue ſelt the pleasures of ſweet wedlocks bed,
What griefe, what care, what ſorrow, what annoy,
It's to forſake the ſame ere it be had!
Thus onely this, and nothing else that's ſaid,
Makes me to hate this wofull gift of thine,
Which otherwife ſeemes a moſt bleſſed proprieſt.

But

Of Sophonisba.

But what, O loue! and must thy passions be
So powerfull in my soule, that they must mooue
Mee to accuse him of scueritie,
Who in his actions al, most kinde doth prooue?
No rathet farre detested be all loue,
Or it enforce me in a thought to fall,
To him I honor'd aye, and euer shall.

Execte *Massinissa*, courteous, gentle, kinde,
That you are so, ile seale it with my bloud,
Nothing tormentis so much my dying minde,
Thou wast not in my better fortunes lou'd,
And O that thou, if fates had thought it good,
Had cropt the blossomes of my beauties prime,
Whiche now you scarce haue tastid out of time.

This, this it is, breeds my eternall smart,
That in the desolation of my glory,
My wayning beauty did surprise thy heart,
Deare Lord, this makes thy dying spouse most sorry,
To thinke that she must be the wofull story,
A registred remardeable mischiefe,
Whose loue had birth and buriall both in griefe.

That you are guiltlesse of my haplesse death,
I both attest the heauens and spirits aboue,
In witnesse whereof heere I do bequeath,
My heart to thee, in token of our loue,
From hence no amorous motion shall me mooue:
Farewell therefore, to life, to loue, and thee,
True witnesse of deare bought liberty.

The Tragical Death

Go wanton *Cupid*, sport thee with thy mother,
In some more happy climate then is ours,
Here thou and Death will ne're agree together,
He likes the Graues, and thou the reuelling Boures,
Lasciuious Rome with her skie-mounting towers,
As Empresse of all kingdomes and Empires,
Seemes fittest place for fuell to thy fires.

Whose amorous youths, when once they feele the force,
Of thy enuenomed shafts, shall freely story
Mee and my *Masnissaes* sad diuorce,
Feeding their Ladies cares with farre-fetchd glory,
Straining their toungs, their wits and memory,
In their best forme, with eloquence to show,
Such accidents as they desire to know.

One in his armes holding his dearest dame,
May haply court her with such words as these :
Faire worlds admited beauty, here I am,
Who not long since, amid ten thousand foes,
Most valiantly did this pure brest oppose,
Against the fury of the crueill'st fight,
Yet neuer wounded till approch'd thy sight.

Hard by my feete, great *Hasdruball* lay slaine,
Who to all Romaines, bare innated hate,
Not distant farre from him was *Syphax* tane,
Who to oppose himselfe against our state,
Receu'd in Dower his Daughter but of late,
Who now attends *Scipio* triumphant carre,
As the proud trophæ of this famous warre.

Act

Of Sophonisba.

Let them thus vainely prattle of my griefe,
And mock my woes, my miseries and wrongs,
Let them spend time in telling my mischiefe,
Let my disgrace be subiect to their songs,
And let them all, these iolly things amongs,
Proclaime their valour, and reueale our wrack,
Yet in my bonds they shall no pleasure take.

For death and I are now agreed together,
Euen from this moment neuer more to sunder,
Who by no meanes will grant I should go thither,
Where worlds of eyes vpon my fall shall wonder,
Scipio may threaten, and proud Rome may thunder,
That I shall rest their everlasting thrall,
Yet death has vowd to set me free from all,

Welcome thy friendship, sweete confederate Death,
Who still most faithfull in distresse doost prooue ;
Who would not gladly yeeld to thee their breath,
Since onely thou canst miseries remoue,
O how my soule with thee is falne in loue !

Knowing how quickly thou her paines can finish,
Haste then sweet death, ere she her loue diminish.

How falsely haue they wrong'd the trueth, that faine,
(Thereby to make thee odious to our eyes)
Thee to be ougly, cruell, meager, leane,
Drawing thy portrait with deformities ?
Some paint thee fleshlesse, all but bones and knees :
Most like a withered vile Anatomy,
Some with a lethall Dart do picture thee.

The Tragical Death

But let the world thus paint thee as they list,
Yet thou appeers most louely to my sight,
Who in this cup comes but to quench my thirst,
And not my soule with ougly shapes t' affright:
Well may that torment be accounted light,
That emptying with one draught this little boule,
From all disasters so may free my soule.

Why stay I then to surset out this potion,
Whose drousie liquour shall breed such a slumber,
As I shall need to feare no careful motion:
Nor with my sad disgrace my thoughts to cumber,
My woes, my grieses, and my mishaps past number
Shall all be buried in eternall sleepe,
My heart, and eyes shall no more sigh and weepe.

This body thereby shall bee sau'd from scorne,
These hands from bands, mine eyes from misery,
This head, which late imperiously hath worne
A princely crowne shall not so abiect be,
As from anothers liberality.

Which tyrannizing did the same bereave,
In seruile manner it againe receiue.

Victorius *Scipio*, Carthage fatal foe,
The scourge of Affrick, and the glorie of Rome,
Whose chiefeſt drift and aime is t' haue me goe,
T' attend his triumphes vainely shall consume,
Those idle hopes by which he doth presume,
With my disgrace, to grace his high renoune,
In his proud entry, to that more proud towne.

For

Of Sophonisba.

For why my better destiny now faies,
From Africk, Europe shall no way deuide,
This wretched remant of my worser daies,
The best being spent already here in pride:
How can it iustly be to me denide?

But as kinde Africk, gaue me life and beeing,
To her againe I giue her owne, I dying.

Then O deere country! yet in loue receaue,
This hatefull life that still your harme procur'd,
And in compassion grant my bones a graue:
Which while I breath'd your quiet still iniur'd,
Wherefore from hence that you may rest secur'd:
Deere soyle disdaine not such a small request,
That breeds thy peace, and my desired rest.

Yet one thing let my dying ghost intreat,
(Which to my griefe thy ruine doth presage)
Liue still with Rome, and Romans at debate,
Let armes gainst armes, rage be oppos'd to rage:
Kil, murther al, forbeare no sexe, no age.

Agree at last, and that wil be to soone,
When either Rome, or Carthage is vndone.

To thee then freely, now I drinke my last,
With that the poysen to her head she hied,
And while her lookes she doth about her cast,
Least any had this act of hers discried:
Her staring eyes vnwares by chance espied,
The wofull story of Queene Didoes fall,
Drawne by some curious pensel on the wal.

The Tragical Death

Which with attention she remarkes and viewes,
Wondring the beauty of the work-mans art,
Who in a thousand strange and divers hewes
Of choicest colours had discharg'd his part,
All was so portrayd in this matchlesse Chart,
That liuelles shadowes liuing bodies seem'd,
The paynter had each lineament so lim'd.

Æneas Nauie on the wauing Mayne,
Spred forth their proud sayles for to catch the aire,
Heie sweld a billow, there it fel againe.
A thousand Daulphins skip vp here and there,
The mariners ay two and two by paire,
With supple palmes did span their heauie oares,
At whose sad strokes the wounded ocean roares.

High in a turret wretched *Dido* stood,
For to behold her faithlesse louers flight,
From whose faire eyes distil'd a christall flood
Of british teares when she beheld that sight,
Each thing was fram'd so curiously and right,
That whatsoeuer was to th' eyes presented,
Seem'd in effect farre rather, then invented.

A little lower did present to view,
The saddest obiect in this matchlesse frame:
There one might see how in despaire she drew
The cruell sword, then fell vpon the same.
O how the stremes of purple blood foorth came!
From which, as it had bin yet warme, did flic,
A little smoke which purld into the skie.

Looke

Of Sophonisba.

Looke how a rose which from the stalke is cropt,
Leaves here and there some blossomes on the ground,
So here and there the place was all bedropt
With her vermillion bloud about her round:
The Painters skill in painting of her wound
Seem'd most diuine and exquisit indeed,
For still there-from the drops yet seem'd to bleed.

Sad *Sophonisba* wistly notes the storie,
And giuing foorth a death-presaging grone:
Deare wronged Lady (quoth she) I am sorry,
That time will not permit me to bemonie
Thy sad mischance, nor shalt thou grieue alone;
For why I hope our ghosts shall meet ere long,
Where each to other shall complaine our wrong.

O how my fortune doth resemble thine!
How like thy sorrowes are (alas) my woes!
Affricke thy country, Affricke likewise mine:
Both our destructions from one fountaine flowes:
Æneas thine, his of-spring now my foes;
He bred thy ruine, they my sad distresse;
He wrong'd a Queen, they wrong'd me now no less.

And since the greatnessse of thy mind was such,
Death to preferre vnto a liuing shame,
Shall not thy braue example moue as much
Desire in me for to performe the same?
Let comming ages heare it told by Fame,
How *Sophonisba* imitating thee,
Chus'd rather death, then liuing Infamy.

This

The Tragical Death

This spoke without amazement, feare or dread,
She drinks the fatall poysen (noblē Dame)
Which streight his venim through her veines doth spre
Scorning resistance wheresoere it came:
Euen as we see a little sparke or flame,
When once it kindles where it finds fit matter,
From place to place his furious flames doth scatter,

Now while this powerfull potion in her veines ,
So fiercely wrought, her life began to faile,
Which no more lordship in her brest retaines:
So bitterly death did it their assaile,
Which hauing bidden to her heart farewell:

Her chieftest dwelling straight for feare she flies
For safety vpwards to her lips and eyes.

There as if death had com'd awhile to play
Vnder the shadow of discheuild haire ,
Which dangling o're her face and shoulders lay,
She yet retaines a countenance most faire ,
Her gesture did her willing death declare :
And as her breath by intermission dies,
So peece by peece her beautie fades and flies.

Most like vnto a tender Lilly faire,
That's ouer-blasted with some raging storme,
Whose sauory blossomes late perfum'd the ayre,
Hangs downe his head, losing his wonted forme,
Or as a flower chokt with a canker worme,
Euen so the natvie beauty now ore-blowne,
Of this faire Queen seem's borrowed, not her owne.

Thus

Of Sophonisba.

Thus while her life stayes in an houering feare,
Within the precinct of her currall lips:
Finding grim death had tane possession there,
Not willing more to enter in his grips,
Giuing a bitter sob from thence she skips,
Leauing free passage to her soule opprest,
To leauē the daintie prison of her breſt.

But soule and body loth to part asunder,
Both seeme some little respite to intreat:
Yet th' one must go, the other stay: a wonder
For all the world that viewes it to regret:
Victorius death now strikes, he leaues to threat:
So this braue Dame her gallant ghost vp yeelds,
Which flies with triumph to th' Elizian fields.

F I N I S.



CÆLIA.

Containing certaine
Sonets.

BY

DAVID MVRRAY,
SCOTO-BRITTAINE.



To the right Noble and his most honoured
good Lord, RICHARD Lord
DINGWALL.

Leet it not seeme offensive to your sight,
(Most noble Lord) that here my Muse propines
You, with her youthfull follies, in those lines
Deckt with Invention of conceits so light?
For the dread sounds (which dastard minds affright)
Of neighing coursers, and of trumpets shrill,
Had bin a Subject fitter for my quill,
Thane bred unto thy haughty eares delight.

But since my Muse, as yet, did never frame,
Her sporting vaine, to sing of Martiall blowes,
(Which Mirror-like, your valorus arme oft shewes
Both to your owne, and to your countries fame)
Yet deigne to view, t her loue-sickke verse meane while:
Mars oft-times ioyes to see faire Venus smile.

And if unto this idle humerous Vaine,
Where Youth and folly shew their skil-lesse Art,
She breed acceptance, She her will shall straine,
(Ere it be long) a subject to impart.

That to your noble eares shall seeme more worth:
Till when, accept this her abortive birth.

Your LL. to be commanded,

DA. MVRRAY.

Sonet. 1.

MY infant Muse, when I began to write,
Led by the surie of my vnstay'd yeares,
Sung euer as my fancie did conceit,
As by her method-wanting-layes appeares :
Now prays'd she *Calia's* beauty, then admires
Th' enchanting Musicke of anothers quill :
And now againe she would bewaile with teares,
Th' vntimely fals of some whom death did kill.
Thus never staying at one setted theame,
Till that she grew more graue, and I more old,
Vnder protection of a royll name,
Faire *Sophonisba's* tragicke death she told.

Yet lest poore Muse her first conceits were smor'd,
She here presents them to a Noble L O R D.

Sonet 2.

KIND Nature once did labour so in birth,
That all the gods to helpe her were conuein'd,
A L L's Mother then such bitter throws sustain'd,
Or she this child of wonder could bring foth :
At length supported by celestiall might,
She's brought to bed euen of a girel diuine,
Whom al the present Deities propine
With what rare graces could enrich the sight,
Loues Queene gaue Beauty, *Dian* Chastnes rare,
Minerva Iudgement, thundring *Jove* the Name,
Apollo grac'd her with her golden haire,
Juno the Heart that should all hearts inflame,
Cupid gaue her his towne two louely eyes,
Wherwith all shee are darted who her see.

3. Sonet.

Beauty beeing long a resident aboue,
With importune celestiall sutes was deau'd,
Of sacred sprites who still her fauour crau'd,
That she from thence resolved to remooue:
And so at last from top of all the Rounds,
Loue on his wings conuoy'd her here below,
Where she not willing any should her know,
Sought out the North to be her resting bounds.
There she remains her name being chang'd, yet stil
For beauty now faire *Celia* she is cal'd,
Whose sight sometimes, as it the gods all thral'd,
So now her lookes poore humane soules doth kil.
And oh no wonder! if they thus do end,
Since they but faile where gods could not defend.

4. Sonet.

Thy beauty *Celia* so betrayd mine eyes,
That at the first they forc'd my heart to yeeld:
Thus ouercome into a bloudlesse field,
A yeelding slau'e unto thy mercy flees,
Where humble prostrate on affections knees,
Tyde with the chaines of strongest loue (alas)
I do intreat thy pitty to my case,
Pitty but which thy haplesse captiue dy's,
Then as thy beautie did but stroke or come,
So let thy mercy without rigour saue,
Remorse and pittie shall thee best become,
Remorse and pitty which not els I craue.
Thrise happy thraldome if thou pitty moue,
Unhappy bondage if did. — (Venus)

My

5. Sonet.

MY grieses increase still vrg'd me to impart,
 My soules felt-paine ynto my fairest faire,
 And that she might b' acquainted with my care:
 I choos'd my tongue the agent for my heart,
 Which being well instructed as I thought,
 In all the passions which oppresse a minde,
 And being glad to shew how I was pin'd:
 With swift wing'd hast I *Celias* presence sought:
 But I no sooner had attain'd her sight,
 When loe my tongue betra'd me to her eyes,
 And dastard-like into my throat straight flies,
 Leauing me cleane confounded with his flight.
 Beat backe with sighes, yet it return'd againe,
 But spake of pleasure when it shold of paine.

6. Sonet.

Till must I grone, still must I sigh, still mourne,
 And cannot grones, nor sighes, nor teares haue places
 To make faire *Celia* one sweete smile returne,
 Or at the least to shew some signe of grace?
 Ah! who would say that one so faire of face,
 So rare of beauty, so diuine in all,
 Disdain'd to pitty one in such a case,
 And one poore soule who leaues her beauties thrall?
 Still must I breath those grieuous grones in vaine:
 Stil must my sighs euansh in the ayre,
 Still must those teares be spent in waste I straine,
 Stil must my passions all increase my care.

Then gentle death come and dissolute my paine,
 Since sighes, teares, grones and passions bred disdaine.

E

7. Sonet.

7. Sonet.

Pale, sad *Aurora* leauie thy shoures to raine,
 Of perl-like cristall teares thou dayly sheds,
 In tender bosomes of the flowry meads,
 Wayling his death wh' at Ilions siege was flaines:
 Oh let thy soule appeal'd ! with this remaine,
 That those thy teares pleads pitty by there sight,
 And more, the great bright patterne of the light,
 To quench his drought carouses them ag aine,
 Cease then to weepe, and leauie me still to mourne,
 Complayning best becomes my mirthlesse state,
 Wh' in quenchlesse flames of lucklesse loue does burne:
 (Thy *Memmons* losse requires no more regrate)
 And since my owne cannot procure but scorne,
 Lend me thy mouing teares, sweet weeping moine.

8. Sonet.

And is it true deere, that you are vnkind?
A Shall I beleue sweet Saint that you are so?
 I feare you are, but stay, oh ! stay my minde:
 Too soone to credit that that breeds thy woe,
 Yet whether shall my resolutions goe,
 To thinke you are, or not vnkinde I must
 Th' effect saies I, and yet my fancy, no,
 Being ioth such vndeserued harme to trust ;
 My passions thus such opperations breed,
 In my deuided soule that I can not,
 Conceit you are that which you are indeed:
 Imperious loue doth so controll my thought,
 Vnhappy I that did such loue imbrace,
 Vnconstant you that hates such loue (alasse)

9. Son-

9. Sonet.

Bright Angels face, the paradise of Loue,
 High stately throne where Majesty doth shine,
 Beauties Idæa, sweetnesse sweetned shrine,
 Cleare heauens, wherein proud *Phœbus* daziers moue,
 Faire pearly rollies that staine the iuory white,
 Inuironed with coroll! died walles,
 Sweet-neckard breath, more soft then *Zephir*'s gales,
 Heart-reauing-tongue whose speech still breeds delight,
 Smooth cheekeſ of Rose, and Lyllies interlac'd,
 Art-scorning-nose, in framing which no doubt
 Nature of her whole skill pla'd bankerout,
 When it in midſt of ſuch perfections plac'd.
 Gold-glittering-trefles, and ſoules-wounding-lockes,
 Onely proud eares, more deafe then flinty rockes.

10. Sonet.

MY Calia ſat once by a christal brooke,
 Gazing how ſmoothly the cleere ſtreains did ſlide,
 Who had no ſooner her ſweet ſight eſpi'd,
 When with amazement they did on her looke,
 The waters ſlyding by her ſeem'd to mourne,
 Desirous ſtil for to behold her beauty,
 Neglecting to the Ocean their duty,
 In thouſand ſtrange Meanders made returne,
 But oh! againe with what an heauenly tune,
 Those pleaſant ſtreames that iſſued from the ſpring,
 To ſee that goddeſſe did appeare to ſing,
 Whom hauiing view'd did as the firſt had done.
 If thofe pure ſtreames delighted ſo to eye her,
 Judge how my ſoule doth ſurſet when I ſee her.

11. Sonet.

THe Suns fond child when he artiu'd into,
The sights inueigling palace of his site,
Incens'd with a præposterous desire,
Would needs to guide his fathers cart step to,
So fondly I once, entering (alasse)
Her chamber who bereaues not eyes, but soules,
And whiles my bold approach there's none controules,
I needs would venture to behold her face,
But as *Appolloes* child more rash then wise,
Did manage those fierce steeds with skillesse Art,
They like a fire-brand flang him from the skies:
Thus while I ey'd her, beauty fier'd my heart:
Only this difference rests betwixt vs two,
I ceaslesse burne, his flames were quencht in *P.*

12. Sonet.

AS *Icarus* proud of his borrowed wings,
Following his flying fathur through the skies,
Aboue the ayery region did arise,
And for to gaze on *Phæbus* vpward springs,
Where while with houering pens he staring hings
Thinking the glory of that cart to tel,
From which his match in fondnesse head-long fel:
Appolloes rayes his waxen feathers sings:
So I resembling him like fondly flew,
For my desire being wing'd with fancies plumes
To gaze on brighter rayes then those presumes:
Wherewith the Sunne, the sonne of *Dedal* flew.
And as our flights so were our fals (alasse)
He in the sea, I into blacke disgrace.

13. Sonet

A Due sweete *Celia* for I must depart,
 And leaue thy sight, and with thy sight all ioy,
 Conuoi'd with care, attended with annoy:
 A vagabonding wretch from part to part,
 Onely deare *Celia* grant me so much grace,
 As to vouchsafe this heart befraught with sorrow,
 To attend vpon thy shadow eu'en and morrow:
 Whose wonted pleasure was to view thy face,
 And if sometimes thou soliter remaine,
 And for thy dearest deare a sigh lets slide,
 This poore attender sitting by thy side
 Shall be thy Echo to repli't againe.
 Then farewell *Celia* for I must away,
 And to attend thee my poore heart shal stay.

F Orsaken whether shall I goe (alasse)
 What place to me can any comfort grant,
 Sith I must leaue th' onely happy place,
 That doth retaine the worlds admired Saint?
 Oh never let the rising Sun auant,
 I saw his brightnesse ! not her brighter face;
 Nor let the night in sable shadowes hant,
 If that I dreame not of my deare some space,
 No longer wish I to enjoy this ayre,
 No longer craue I breath, no more to liue,
 Then that I may still gaze vpon my faire,
 Whose sweetest smiles all kind of comfort giue.
 Daies, houres and nights, and places where I goe,
 Til I her see shall but procure my woe.

15. Sonet.

Dales, hours and nights thy presence may detaine,
 But neither day, nor houre, nor night shal not
 Barre thy sweet beauty from mine eyes vnseen,
 Since so diuinely printēd in my thought,
 That skilful Greeke, that Loues Idēa wrought,
 And lim'd it so exactly to the eye,
 When beauties rarest patterns he had sought,
 With this thy portrait could not matched bee,
 Tho on a table he, most skilful he,
 In rarest colours rarest parts presented,
 So on a hart if one may match a tree,
 Tho skillesse I thy rarer shape have painted.
 Not by Loues selfe, Loues beauty formed he,
 But by thy selfe, thy selfe art form'd in me.

16. Sonet.

Mount *Etnas* flames may peraduenture cease,
 Yet my true heart shall burne still in a low,
 The swelling stremes o're bankes and brayes that flow,
 By miracle may stay their swiftest race.
 But restlesse stremes of liqui'd teares (alasse)
 Shall never stay from my poore eies to rin,
 The congeald ice longe frozen may grow thin,
 By the reflex of bright *Appolloes* face,
 But ah ! my hopes shall freeze still in dispaire,
 Til I enjoy againe faire *Celia*as light,
 Whose beauties beames which shin'd o're me so bright,
 Through longsome absence thus procures my care.

Sweet *Celia* then make speed my flames to quench,
 To raise my hopes and those my teares to stanch.

17. Sonet.

17. Sonet.

GAzing from out the windowes of mine eyes,
 To view the obiect of my hearts desire,
 My famish'd looks in wandring troupes forth flies:
 Hoping by some good fortune to espie her,
 But hauing flowne with staring wings long space,
 And missing still the ayme that cau'd them soare,
 Scorning to feed on any other face,
 Turnes to their cabins backe and flies no more,
 And there enclos'd disdaines to view the light,
 Shadowing my face with fable cloudes of griefe:
 And thus I breath in cares continuall night,
 Till that her sight afford me some relieve.
 Sweet then make hast these cloudy cares to cleare,
 And glad those eyes that holds thy sight so deare.

18. Sonet.

DEere once you told me that you dream'd my breath
 Was past, and that your eyes beheld my grave,
 Likewise you sayd that sorrow for my death,
 From out those eyes distilling teares beraue,
 Ah t'was no dreame! if you will but perceiue
 How in effect for you I hourely die,
 Thinke that no vision did you then deceiue,
 Sith you may view the very truth in me,
 If so you dream'd this onely seem's to be:
 A dreame that for my death such teares you spent,
 Worse then a thousand deaths for you I drie,
 Yet for my griefe you never teare once lent.
 But if for dreaming so you mourn'd so much,
 Farre rather mourne that in effect its such.

19. Sonnet. BEEING ACCUSED BY A GENTLEWOMAN FOR
STEALING OF A BOOKE.

LET not thy selfe, faire Nimphe, nor none of thine,
Accuse me of no sacriligious theft,
For by the world, and by the starry list,
And by the honour I doe owe thy shrine,
By the infernall spirits, and gods deuine,
And by the hallowed stately Stigian brayes,
I never meant (sweete dame) thee to displease,
For why thy griefe had likewise then beene mine,
If euer ought deare-loue from thee I staled,
I both protest and swearre it was no booke,
No nothing but a poore inueighing looke,
For which againe I left my freedome thrall,
Then blame me not for stealing of thy bookes,
Since you steale hearts, I onely steale poore lookes,

20. Sonet.

PONDER thy cares, and summe them all in one,
Get the account of all thy hearts disease,
Recken the torments do thy mind displease,
Write vp each figh, each plaint, each teare, each grone,
Remember on thy griefe conceau'd by day,
And call to minde thy nightes disturbed rest,
Thinke on those visions did thy soule molest,
While as thy wearied corpes a sleeping lay,
And when all those thou hast entrold aright,
Into the count-booke of thy daily care,
Extract them truly, then present the sight,
With them of flinty *Calia* the faire,
That she may see, if yet moe ills remaines,
For to be paid to her vniust disdaines.

21. Son-

21. Sonet, *Made at the Authors beeing
in Bourdeaux.*

THou Sunne, those trees, this earth, faire riuers cleere,
Vouchsafe t'attend my pittious plaints, alasse,
And it remorse of a distressed case
Can plead for pitty, listen oh to heare!
Then be reporters to my fairest faire,
To Phœnix *Celia* of my restlesse paines,
This ages glory, whom the North retaines,
Inclos'd by *Neptune* for his darling there,
But ah! those trees, this earth cannot remoue,
And *Phœbus* feares her rayes shall dim his pride,
And if this riuer should my complaint guide,
Then *Neptune* wold grow iealous of his loue,
So that I craue all these supports in vaine,
I plagu'd alone, alone must beare my paine.

22. Sonet: *On the misfortune of Bellizarius, great
Lieutenant to the Emperour Justinian.*

STay passenger, and with relenting looke,
Behold heere *Bellizarius*, I pray,
Whom neuer-constant fortune, changing aye,
Euen at the top of greatnesse quite forsooke,
And which is wondrous, in a moment tooke
Mee from the hight of an Imperiall sway,
And plac'd me heere, blind begging by this way,
Whose greatnesse sometime scarce the world could brook,
And while thou daignes thy pittifull aspect,
Ah sorrow not so much my fortunes past,
As I beseech thee to bewaile this last!
That from such honour abieet-lie deieet,
I yet am forc'd a spectacle to liue,
Glad to receiue the meanest almes thou'rt giue.

Sonnet

*Sonet to the right worthy Gentleman, and his la-
uing cousin M. John Murray.*

VV Hile Eagle-like vpon the lofty wings
Of thy aspiring Muse thou flies on hie,
Making th'immortall Sprites in loue with thee,
And of those Ditties thou so sweetly sings,
Where quaffing boules of their Ambrosonian springs,
And sweetest Nectar, thou diuinely stayes:
Low by the earth (poore I) sings homely layes,
Till like desire of fame me voward brings,
Then borrowing, from thy rich Muse, some plumes,
Icarian-like beyond my skill I soare,
While comming where thy songs are heard before,
My lines are mockt, that thinc to match presumes:
And thus I perish in my high desire,
While thou'ret more prais'd, the more thou dost aspire.

Idem.

INriched sprite by great *Apollo* crown'd
With cirkling wreaths of stately laurell Bayes,
Scorning as't seemes that thy enchanting layes
Should haue their praise but of immortall sound:
For heau'ns seeing earth, so be thy songs renown'd,
Draw vp thy sweetest Ditties to the skies,
Whose well tun'd notes *Phaebus* t'his harpe applies:
While as his chariot wheels about the Round,
And thus thy diuine-sprite-inspired Muse
Hath made thee here admir'd, belou'd aboue,
She sings so sweetly that she doth infuse
Wonder in mortals, in the godhead loue:
No maruell if thy songs b'admired then,
That yeeld both musicke vnto gods and men.

The

The complaint of the Shepheard Harpalus.

POORE *Harpalus* opprest with loue,

Sate by a christall brooke:

Thinking his sorrowes to remoue,

Oft-times therein did looke.

And hearing how on pibble stones,

The murmuring riuier ran,

As if it had bewail'd his grones,

Vnto it thus began.

Faire streme (quoth he) that pitties me,

And heares my matchlesse moane,

If thou be going to the sea,

As I do so suppose,

Attend my plaints past all releefe,

Which dolefully I breath,

Acquaint the sea Nymphes with the greefe,

Which stil procures my death,

Who sitting on the clifffy rockes,

May in their songs expresse:

While as they combe their golden lockes,

Poore *Harpalus* distresse.

And so perhaps some passenger,

That passeth by the way:

May stay and listen for to heare,

Them sing this dolefull lay.

Poore

Poore *Harpalus* a shepheard swaine,
More rich in youth then store,
Lou'd faire *Philena*, hapless man,
Philena oh therefore!

Who still remorceles-hearted maide,
Tooke pleasure in his paine :
And his good will(poore soule)repayd
With vndeseru'd disdayne.

Ne're shepheard lou'd a shepherdesse
More faithfully then he :
Ne're shepheard yet beloved lesse,
Of shepherdesse could be.

How oft with dying lookes did he
To her his woes impart?

How oft his sighes did testifie
The dolor of his hart?

How oft from valleis to the hils,
Did he his grieses rehearse ?

How oft re-eccho'd they his ills,
Abacke againe (alas?)

How oft on barkes of stately Pines,
Of Beech, of Holen greene,
Did he ingraue in mournfull lines,
The dole he did sustaine?

Yet all his plaints could haue no place,
To change *Philena's* mind:

The

The more his sorrowes did increase,
The more she prou'd ynkind.

The thought whereof through verie care,
Poore *Harpalus* did moue:
That ouercome with high despaire,
He quat both life and loue.

Sonet on the death of the Lady Cicily Weemes, Lady of Tillebarne.

Faire *Cicil*'s losse, be thou my sable song,
Not that for which proud Rome and Carthage straue
But thine more famous, whom ago not long
Vntimely death intomb'd so soone in graue.
Deare sacred Lady, let thy ghost receiue
These dying accents of my mourning quill,
The sweetest-smelling incense that I haue,
With sighes and teares vpon thy hearse to spill.
To thee (deare Saint) I consecrate ay still
These sad oblations of my mirthlesse mind,
Who while thou breath'd, this wondring world did fill
With thy perfections, *Phœnix* of thy kind:
From out whose ashes hence I prophecie,
Shall neuer such another *Phœnix* flic.

Epitaph on the death of his deare cousin,
M. David Murray.

Receiue (deare friend) into thy tembe those teares;
Those tears which from my grieve-fraught eyes distil,
Whose drearie shew the true resemblance beares
Of those sad cares which inwardly me kille:

Take

Take them deere friend, since sent from such a one,
Who lou'd thee liuing, wailes thee being gone:

No fained teare, nor forged sigh (God knowes)
I sacrifice vpon thy wotull hearse,
My mournings are according to my woes,
And correspondent to my griefe my verse,
My sighes are ceaselesse echoes, that replies,
For thy sad death my hearts relenting cries,

Aye me! how can I but regrait thy case,
Who in the full Meridian of thy yeares.
While strength of body held the chiefest place,
And while thy selfe, thy selfe euen most appeares?
Death so vntimely should thy life bereave:
Impouerishing thy friends, t' inrich the graue.

Ah! had thou not beene sociall, gentle, kinde,
Most louing, courteous, liberall by measure,
Riche in all parts, but most of all in minde,
Which thou instord'ſt with vertues precious treasure:
Had thou not beene I say repleat with those,
Lesse had thy praises beene, and lesse my woes.

In nothing more thy vertue proou'd her power,
Then in thy friendships well aduised choise:
Who lou'd thee once, stil loues thee to this houre,
The graue their sight, but not their loue doth close,
And which was more, the mightiest of the land,
Shee ioyn'd to thee into affections band,

And well the greatnessse of thy minde did merit,
Euen that the greatest spirits should thee cherish,

Who

Who of it selfe, did from it selfe inherit,
That which in great men do's but greatnesse perish:
„True worth is not discern'd by outward shew,
„Vertues Idæa by the minde we know.

Ah foolish they that bragge so much in vaine,
Onely by blood nobilitate to be,
While in their bosomes they do scarce retaine,
The smallest sparke of magnanimitie !

I hold this for a generall Maxime good,
True honor comes from vertue as from blood.

And yet I cannot but confesse indeed,
That vertue in a generous stomach still,
Doth shine more cleere then when it doth proceed,
From out a base-borne brest,marke who so will,
For why thy worth had ne're so cleerly shin'd,
Had not thy birth beene equall to thy minde.

Without affection I must truely say,
Thou wast a well-borne Gentleman by birth,
Com'd of a race nere spotted to this day,
Thine ancestors were men of noble worth,
Famous in bloud,in vertue and in name,
And all,as thou,went to the graue with fame.

Whereof this comfort doth arise I see,
To those that lou'd thy life,condoles thy death,
Though thou be dead in part,all cannot dye,
Thy mindes braue conquest shall suruiue thy breath,
Death may well triumph on thy bodies fall,
But thy great vertue euer florish shall.

Then

Then let thy ghost goe in eternall peace,
To the Elisian sweet desired rest,
There with the happy to enjoy a place,
To taste the speechlesse pleasures of the blest:
Stil surfitting those everlasting ioyes,
That nevere feele disturbance, or annoies.

There liue still happy, while I haplesse heere,
Must celebrate thy exequies in sorrow,
Paying this tribute to thy tombe each yeere,
Of sighes and teares, which from my greises I borrow:
And ah! no wonder that I doe the same,
For both I beare thy surname, and thy name.

*Sonet on the death of his cousin, Adam
Murray.*

I Know not whether discontent or loue,
(Deere friend) hath bred this thy abortiue death:
Or if that both vnted shew'd their wrath,
To make thee this thy fatal last to proue,
But bee the motion what it list did moue,
This thy vnlook'd for sad vntimely fal,
Yet with the losse of breath thou los'd not al,
Thy better parte still liues the heauens aboue,
And here thy pen immortaliz'd thy name,
From time, obliuion, enuy, and the graue,
That to corruption now thy bones receiue,
But can no way deface thy glorious fame,
Which stil must sore on wings of endlesse praise,
While yeers haue months, months weekes, and weekes
(haue daies.

FINIS.

REPRODUCED FROM THE COPY IN THE

HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY

FOR REFERENCE ONLY. NOT FOR REPRODUCTION

